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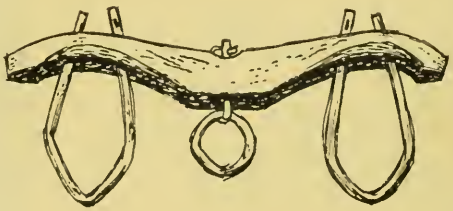

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ADDRESS

ON THE

DEATH

OF

PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

JOHN FOWLER, Jr.,

NEW-ROCHELLE, APRIL 20th, 1865.

AN ADDRESS

ON THE

DEATH

OF

PRESIDENT LINCOLN,

DELIVERED AT THE REQUEST OF THE

CITIZENS OF NEW-ROCHELLE, WESTCHESTER CO., N. Y.,

BY

JOHN FOWLER, JR.,

THURSDAY EV'G, APRIL 20, 1865,

In the Old Episcopal Church, New-Rochelle.

NEW-YORK:
JOHN A. GRAY & GREEN, PRINTERS, COR. FRANKFORT AND JACOB STREETS.
1865.

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"WITH MALICE TOWARD NONE,—WITH CHARITY FOR ALL,—WITH FIRMNESS IN THE RIGHT,—AS GOD GIVES US TO SEE THE RIGHT,—LET US STRIVE ON TO FINISH THE WORK WE ARE IN,—TO BIND UP THE NATION'S WOUNDS,—TO CARE FOR HIM WHO SHALL HAVE BORNE THE BATTLE, AND FOR HIS WIDOW AND ORPHANS,—TO DO ALL WHICH MAY ACHIEVE AND CHERISH A JUST AND LASTING PEACE AMONG OURSELVES AND WITH ALL NATIONS."

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S INAUGURAL ADDRESS,

MARCH 4, 1865.

1022912

New-Rochelle, Westchester Co.,
April 21, 1865.

Dear Sir:

The undersigned, a Committee, appointed for the purpose by their fellow-citizens who had the pleasure of listening to your eloquent, judicious, and patriotic Address last evening, have the honor to request that you will favor us with the manuscript for publication.

Very respectfully, yours,

RICHARD LATHERS,
JAMES C. LUCE,
JOSEPH W. HARPER, Jr.,
P. C. BULKLEY,
ROB'T A. CHESEBROUGH,
} Committee on Publication.

JOHN FOWLER, Jr., Esq.,
New-Rochelle.

NEW-ROCHELLE, April 22, 1865.

Gentlemen:

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your favor of twenty-first inst. In compliance with your request, the manuscript, to which you so kindly allude, is herewith transmitted.

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant.

JOHN FOWLER, Jr.

To

RICHARD LATHERS,
JAMES C. LUCE,
P. C. BULKLEY,
JOSEPH W. HARPER, Jr.,
ROBERT A. CHESEBROUGH, Esquires,

Committee on Publication.

NOTE.

At a meeting of the citizens of the town of New-Rochelle, held pursuant to public notice, in the Town Hall, Monday evening, April 17th, 1865, it was, on motion of Mr. Robert A. Chesebrough, unanimously resolved:

"That, John Fowler, Jr., be respectfully requested to deliver an Address on the Death of President Lincoln, on Thursday evening, April 20th, before the Citizens of New-Rochelle, in the old Episcopal Church Building."

The Address was delivered by Mr. Fowler, at the time and place indicated in the Resolution; but as many persons were, by reason of a violent storm, prevented from attending, the Committee of Arrangements, in accordance with the general desire, requested a repetition of the Address, in the same place, Monday evening, April 24th. At this time, as on the evening of April 20th, Mr. Richard Lathers presided. The platform was occupied by the entire clergy of the village, namely, the Rev. Richard U. Morgan, D.D., Rector of Trinity Church; the Rev. John Miley, D.D., Pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church; the Rev. Thomas McLoughlin, Pastor of St. Matthew's Church; the Rev. Erskine N. White, Pastor of the Presbyterian Church, and the Rev. Otis Saxton, Pastor of the Baptist Church.

The attendance was numerous, every seat in the spacious building being occupied. Mr. Lathers addressed the audience in fitting terms, alluding in a feeling manner to the terrible calamity that had befallen the Country, and urging the cultivation of kindly feelings at a time when every citizen should give the Administration a fair trial and generous support.

Mr. Fowler's Address was preceded by a Prayer from the Rev. Erskine N. White, and followed by a Prayer from the Rev. Dr. Morgan. The Rev. Thomas McLoughlin addressed the assemblage briefly. He spoke of the high regard and admiration he entertained for the lamented President. His earnest expressions of regret and sympathy deeply impressed the audience. At the conclusion of the Reverend gentleman's pathetic remarks, a Vote of Thanks to Mr. Fowler was unanimously adopted, and a Committee, consisting of Richard Lathers, James C. Luce, Joseph W. Harper, Jr., P. C. Bulkley, and Robert A. Chesebrough, was appointed by the audience, to request of Mr. Fowler a copy of his Address for publication in pamphlet form.

P. C. Bulkley,
Chairman Committee of Arrangements.

J. W. Harper, Jr., *Secretary.*

New-Rochelle, April 25, 1865.

ADDRESS.

Fellow-Citizens :

We meet to-night under circumstances as extraordinary as they are appalling ! In the very hour of victory, when all hearts were expected to be aglow with joy and pride, we meet to mingle our tears over the new-made grave of a murdered Chief Magistrate !

Throughout four weary years we had watched with painful solicitude the varying progress of a malignant rebellion, which, at times, seemed so fraught with danger and disaster, as almost to shake the stoutest hearts. During a large portion of this time our energy, patience, and treasure, were severely taxed. Our loyalty was, on more than one occasion, tested and found true. To all the elements of national strength we contributed without stint. In the full confidence that a grand love for the whole country would prove the paramount passion of the people, and, sooner or later, rise superior to the spirit of disunion,—we were willing to accept as a full reward for all our pains, the suppression of the Rebellion and the restoration of the Union.

We saw, without dismay, the National Debt mounting from tens of millions to hundreds of millions. No mind could be so sordid as to put a money value on the Union: the cause at stake was priceless.

Thousands upon thousands of our brethren went forth to repel the public enemy, and meet death in all the horrid forms which the demon of war conjures up. Many of them sleep where they fell. Others, emerging from some loathsome prison, crept home and thought it happiness enough to look once more upon the dear scenes of childhood, and then to have their mutilated limbs and wasted forms laid decently to rest by the hands of affection.

At last, through the dark cloud, light seemed breaking. The heart of the pretended Confederacy was reached. Hood's defiant army approached Nashville in the vain hope of an easy victory, but was gallantly met by Thomas and scattered to the winds. Sherman, meanwhile, marched triumphantly through Georgia, and, taking Savannah on his way, proceeded leisurely through the Carolinas, where our glorious banners, long accustomed to the smoke of battle, soon mingled their gay colors with Orange Blossoms and Palmetto Leaves.

Still, the end, although certain, seemed far off. The campaign was being conducted in the midst of the enemy's country, and might, at any moment, be adversely determined by some accident which neither skill nor courage could avert. Hope had been so often deferred, that while any great movement was in progress,

we sought rather to steel our hearts against the pangs of disappointment, than encourage the promises of success.

Wilmington had fallen. Charleston was ours.

Grant, long silent, but always vigilant, moved suddenly on the enemy's works. After several days of such terrible conflict as the world had rarely seen, the foe beaten, discomfited, abandoned his strong lines in utter dismay, and we beheld the old flag floating in triumph over the Citadel of Treason.

Then quickly followed the surrender of Lee and the army of Northern Virginia.

It needed now no official bulletin to persuade us that the rebellion was crushed, and the war virtually closed.

A general joy suffused all true American hearts. The timid were assured; the wavering ceased to doubt; they who had opposed the war were glad that it was over; they who had favored a vigorous prosecution of the war as the only legitimate means of establishing a permanent peace, were equally rejoiced.

No longer beneath the chastening rod we lifted our heads to behold with gratitude the bow of promise, spanning what, to our imperfect vision, appeared an unclouded sky.

A day was set apart, Thursday, April twentieth,*

* Thursday, April twentieth, 1865, had been named by the Governor's Proclamation as a day of Thanksgiving and Praise for the recent victories; but was changed on account of the death of the President to a day of Humiliation and Prayer.

as a day of Thanksgiving and Praise, of Rejoicings and Merry Meetings, and to hail with universal joy the dawn of that auspicious season when the clash of arms should cease,—when instead of bugle blast and trumpet blare, and screaming fife and deafening drum, the robin's song and ploughman's whistle should be heard,—when through valleys trampled beneath the hoof of cavalry, and along hillsides furrowed by artillery, the lily should spring up, and grass resume its verdure, and tasseled corn and waving grain should bloom,—when deserted firesides should smile once more, and hearts long, too long estranged, be one again.

In the midst of all this expectant joy—while we were arranging the gay order of the happy ceremonies —at the very moment when our hands were raised to strike the timbrel and the harp, the dreadful, heart-rending, paralyzing news came to us that the PRESIDENT of the UNITED STATES lay *senseless—dying, beneath the blow of an assassin!* A few moments later, the fatal message arrived that the PRESIDENT was DEAD!

DEAD! MURDERED!!

With full hearts and choking utterance, we turned one to another, and tremulously, doubtingly repeated the awful words: DEAD? MURDERED?

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, from whose calm eye naught but benevolence beamed,—on whose benignant face charity and good-will always sat,—in whose generous breast the gall of bitterness never found an abiding

place,—Abraham Lincoln the man of the people, the friend of the people, the freely chosen Ruler of the Nation—Dead ? Murdered ?

Completely overcome by a flood of conflicting emotions, and utterly unable to fathom the depths of this mysterious Providence, we could only turn our eyes toward God and watch and wait !

To some impetuous temperaments there seemed no relief but in instant and bloody vengeance. Blood alone could appease the fierce wrath of souls so suddenly stirred up to rage and mutiny. The murderer had fled ! He had escaped ! He had not been caught and torn asunder while in the act of exulting over his stupendous crime ! The popular fury spreading like some dreadful contagion, infused its rancor into many hearts unaccustomed to hatred, until, for a moment, it was feared that the people were about to enforce the impassioned sentiments of Antony :

" Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood !
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy—
Which like dumb mouths do ope their ruby lips
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue,
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men ;
Domestic fury, and fierce civil strife,
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy ;
Blood and Destruction shall so be in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile when they behold
Their children quartered by the hands of War ;
And Pity choked with custom of fell deeds,
And Cæsar's spirit ranging for Revenge

> With Até by his side, come hot from Hell,
> Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice
> Cry 'HAVOC,' and let slip the dogs of war;
> That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
> With carrion men groaning for burial!"

Terrible as they seem, such were the sentiments which for a moment possessed the minds of many. But the paroxysm was too violent to last, and when reäction came, the wiser counsels of moderation prevailed. A little calm reflection demonstrated, that the spirit of wide-spread revenge was not the spirit in which the Great Calamity should be met; that over the dead body of our kindly-tempered PRESIDENT we should not allow our evil passions to become inflamed; that to let loose the furies of popular discord would be an insult to the memory of the good man whose life, entirely free from bigotry, was one beautiful illustration of harmony and love; that while never remitting our utter detestation of treason, in whatever guise it may appear, we should seek inspiration not from the bloody work of murderous hands, but rather from the sweet smile which lingered round the martyr's face when the agonies of death were gone.

"*For it is written, 'Vengeance is mine. I will repay, saith the Lord.'*" To Him whose judgments are unsearchable, and whose ways are past finding out, we commit the fiend that perpetrated this unforgotten, unforgiven crime. Although the wretch evade the vigilance of human eyes, he shall suffer the miseries of

a thousand deaths as, pursued by the outraged law and haunted by remorse, the proscribed felon seeks in some obscure corner of the earth to hide his guilty head. An exile and an outcast, a fugitive and a vagabond, what dreadful punishment can he suffer—what terrible penance can he endure—that shall cleanse his blood-stained soul of this foul murder? *

Turning from the contemplation of this enormous crime, let us devoutly thank God that the assassin's main purpose was not accomplished; that the Government remains steady in its course,—that the Union never had a stronger hold on the affections of the people than at the present moment. And while daring to hope that our beloved Country is, as it was in days gone by, an object of Divine Protection, let us not omit in this the hour of humiliation to acknowledge that no sentiments however pure, no qualities however great, no station however exalted, can avert from poor humanity the shafts of Death.

"The Glories of our Blood and State
Are Shadows—not Substantial Things;
There is no Armor against Fate—
Death lays his icy hand on Kings!
Sceptre and Crown
Must tumble down,
And, in the Dust, be equal made
With the poor crooked Scythe and Spade.

* At the time of the delivery of this Address, the murderer had not been arrested.

"Some men with Swords may reap the field
And plant fresh Laurels where they kill;
But their strong nerves at last must yield;
They tame but one another still.
Early or late
They stoop to Fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they, pale captives, creep to Death.

"The Garlands wither on your brow:
Then boast no more your mighty deeds!
Upon Death's purple altar now
See where the victor-victim bleeds!
Your heads must come
To the cold Tomb;
Only the actions of the Just
Smell sweet and blossom in the Dust!"

This is not the appropriate season for an elaborate analysis of the character and virtues of President Lincoln. The moment is too solemn—our grief is too poignant for the stately phrase and pompous period of labored eulogy. A Nation's Tears are now the silent Heralds of his Fame.

The period is not yet arrived when mankind can survey his eminent public services—as History, with her impartial pen, will delight to trace their beauties. When time shall have smoothed the asperities of partisan warfare, and mellowed the judgments of men; when all the motives of his conduct shall have been revealed and followed to their results, the world will love him all the more that to the Victor's Wreath was added the Martyr's Crown.

Whatever differences of opinion there may have existed among his countrymen regarding the correctness of his political theories, or the wisdom of his administrative policy, no one ventured to question his singleness of heart or honesty of purpose. That he moved cautiously and weighed events deliberately; that he was singularly free from the intolerance of bigotry, and was ever controlled by a conscientious regard for justice, has rarely been denied. His private character was conceded to be not only beyond reproach, but above suspicion. This is the more remarkable from the fact that he came into power on a whirlwind of popular excitement, the result of an agitation which for more than twenty-five years had threatened to rend the Union.

Environed by difficulties at home, and threading his way through the dangerous entanglements of foreign diplomacy, he applied to all his intricate duties the rules of a homely common-sense. Unused to the logic of the schools, he called to his aid none of the arts of rhetoric; but with unaffected reasoning, direct argument, and plain Saxon words, passed straight to the point at issue. In his correspondence with private citizens, and with committees and military officers—in his public addresses, Messages to Congress, and various State papers, he delivered his sentiments with a simplicity and vigor that won respect where they failed to convince. Men who could not admit his doctrines acknowledged his candor.

He seemed to fully appreciate the great responsibil-

ities of his position while yet standing on the threshold of his Presidential career. There was a solemn grandeur in the calm devotion with which he pledged life itself to the great duty of preserving the Union. Nowhere is this more striking than in the brief speech made by him when about to raise the National Flag over Independence Hall on Washington's birthday, 1861. His language on that memorable occasion not only disclosed a familiar acquaintance with the principles of our Government which honored his intelligence and patriotism, but in certain particulars, now startling to recall, seems almost to have proceeded from a prophetic mind. To the complimentary remarks of Mr. Cuyler, he replied as follows:

"I am filled with deep emotion at finding myself standing here, in this place where were collected the wisdom, the patriotism, the devotion to principle from which sprang the institutions under which we live. You have kindly suggested to me that in my hands is the task of restoring peace to the present distracted condition of the country. I can say in return, sir, that all the political sentiments I entertain have been drawn, so far as I have been able to draw them, from the sentiments which originated and were given to the world from this hall. I have never had a feeling politically that did not spring from the sentiments embodied in the Declaration of Independence. I have often pondered over the toils that were endured by the officers and soldiers who achieved that independence. I have often inquired of myself, what great principle or idea it was that kept this Confederacy so long together. It was not the mere matter of the separation of the colonies from the mother land; but that sentiment in the Declaration of Independence which gave liberty not alone to the people of this country, but, I hope, to the world for all future

time. It was that which gave promise that in due time the weight would be lifted from the shoulders of all men. This is a sentiment embodied in the Declaration of Independence. Now, my friends, can this country be saved upon this basis? If it can, I will consider myself one of the happiest men in the world if I can help to save it. If it cannot be saved upon this principle it will be truly awful. But if this country cannot be saved without giving up that principle, I was about to say I WOULD RATHER BE ASSASSINATED ON THIS SPOT THAN SURRENDER IT.

"Now, in view of the present aspect of affairs there need be no bloodshed or war. There is no necessity for it. I am not in favor of such a course, and I may say, in advance, that there will be no bloodshed unless it be forced upon the Government, and then it will be compelled to act in self-defence.

"My friends, this is wholly an unexpected speech, and I did not expect to be called upon to say a word when I came here. I supposed it was merely to do something toward raising a flag.

"I HAVE SAID NOTHING BUT WHAT I AM WILLING TO LIVE BY AND, IF IT BE THE PLEASURE OF ALMIGHTY GOD, TO DIE BY."

His most malignant enemy will look in vain through his writings and speeches for any trace of rancor or malice. His sentiments ever breathe the spirit of kindness. Always hopeful, his far-seeing mind assured him that, sooner or later, the people of the South, convinced of their great blunder, would seek in the Union a refuge from all their ills, real and imaginary. He therefore carefully avoided the utterance of any thing which might aggravate dissensions or mar the harmony of his fraternal feelings.

The questions with which he had to deal were questions that involved the very existence of our Country. A highly respectable portion of our Northern fellow-

citizens was bound to the South by long-cherished political affinities, by warm social relations, by ties of blood, and by the not less stubborn bonds of trade. These links could not be suddenly ruptured without adding greatly to the confusion and discord, already fearful in extent. Many intelligent and patriotic men at the North continued to think that the South could yet be won back by kindness, and that even the hottest bloods of Virginia and South-Carolina might be cooled by moderation on the part of Congress and the Executive. The attack on Fort Sumter dispelled all hopes of a peaceful solution of the difficulty. War began in earnest.

The artillery of the press opened at the same time. Every act of the administration was sharply criticised. Every attempt to strengthen the hands of the executive by the assumption of dormant or unusual powers, or by straining the Constitution, was met by exciting appeals, warning the people against a threatened deprivation of the public liberties. The limits of free speech were, in certain cases, defined; the liberty of the press was, in some portions of the country, restrained; the writ of *habeas corpus* was suspended, and civilians, secretly arrested at the instance of the general Government, were refused bail and held by the military arm for trial by court-martial. The people, unaccustomed to such scenes, were invoked to resist these supposed attacks upon their ancient rights, which, wrung from oppression by successive revolutions, had been handed down to them by their English ancestors.

To all these difficulties was added the intemperate zeal of certain injudicious friends whose narrow minds conceived a plan for governing the country by the cramped machinery of party politics.

Perplexed, embarrassed, annoyed, meeting at every step impediments and thorns, PRESIDENT LINCOLN moved forward slowly, yet steadily, hoping that his countrymen, appreciating the novelty of his situation, would lend him their sympathies, and patiently await the result of a line of conduct which he felt was fully vindicated by the exigencies of the times and the purity of his intentions.

When for a brief season the tide of war seemed rolling back against us, and timid friends fell off, and secret foes took heart, he never faltered in his high purpose. He adhered with Roman firmness to the maxim, "*Never despair of the Commonwealth.*" And when many looked with fear on a still divided North, excited by angry discussions and embittered by extravagant recriminations—when he began to be openly denounced as a tyrant and usurper, one thing alone remained to us as our bulwark against the assaults of anarchy: that was the popular belief in his integrity. The country was flooded with newspapers, magazines, and pamphlets, containing ably written articles designed to demonstrate that he had transcended the limits of the Constitution; but the people continued to look upon him as an Honest Man. They refused to withdraw the confidence they had reposed in him.

They could not be made to believe that he was capable of breaking his Oath.

Between him and his predecessors no parallel can be drawn, for no other President ever held the reins of power through four years of virulent rebellion. It is therefore impossible to say how much better or how much worse others would have done. We saw, however, that his grasp of statesmanship was rapidly becoming appreciated, and that his early opponents were inclined to receive with favor the accumulating evidences of his intellectual capacity.

Without any of those brilliant mental qualities which we have occasionally seen flit across the political sky, dazzling but not illuminating, his intellectual light shone clear, calm, and steady. That he was a man of quick comprehension, vivid perceptions, excellent judgment, and extraordinary mental vigor was long since universally conceded. Had he lived to embark on his career as a statesman freed from the burthens of war, he would have won the still further concession that his mind was distinguished by many of the highest characteristics of greatness.

It is impossible for us to look back upon the history of the past four years and fail to observe the wonderful extent to which he moulded public sentiment. If to shape the thoughts of a free people, upon questions of vital importance, in a country of general intelligence,—if to lead that people successfully through a wilderness of dissensions—be a mark of greatness, then Abraham Lincoln *was* a Great Man.

No man of ordinary mind could have accomplished this.

No man of ordinary mental powers or moral qualities could have reached the lofty position occupied by him; nor could a man of mean capacity or base motives, if thrown into the presidential chair by some wave of popular caprice, have maintained himself in the place. An Imbecile or a Demagogue would have gained no hold on the Country. The people have not been in the humor to tolerate incapacity or dishonesty.

There are many who believe that President Lincoln succeeded as but few men would have succeeded; that his qualities were peculiarly adapted to the times; that a man with more inflexibility of will, or less gentleness of heart, would have failed to reconcile any portion of the Union with the other, and that what at first seemed his weakness proved, in time, our strength.

The eulogy is well deserved. His main purpose was to preserve the Union. To this great object he bent all the energies of his soul.

We all know that he did not originally seek the office of President. We also know that once in the office, it immediately became his ambition to be what the people designed him for — the President of the *United* States of America. Nor was this a mere personal ambition. Every State had a place in his affections. He longed to see each State return home. His heart throbbed alone for the Union. In seeking to gratify this prevailing desire, he may at times have appeared unnecessarily rigid, and at other times unne-

cessarily lax; but we should not forget that the details of history are rarely understood aright during the lifetime of the principal actors. There doubtless are many circumstances in his presidential career which will not be properly understood until some future historian, groping his way through the public archives, shall disclose private letters and secret dispatches now wisely concealed. The public mind, then no longer warped by passion, nor clouded by prejudice, nor biased by faction, will calmly review his whole conduct, and accord the full praise due to his high character as a Statesman, Sage, and Patriot.

It is sad to reflect that the murderer's hand reached him just as he was turning from the rough fields of discord to tread the primrose paths of peace. To him the proud satisfaction was not reserved to witness the full fruition of his weary labors. He was permitted to behold the dawn of victory, but not the meridian blaze of triumph. Yet he would have enjoyed that triumph not so much for its glory as for the grand practical results, and the blessings of fraternal love and national unity which he fondly hoped would follow in its train. He would have indulged in no vain exultations over a fallen foe, but would have kindly striven to deprive conquest of its sting. To the congratulations of the Union Clubs of Washington, on the occasion of his reëlection, he replied:

"Now that the election is over, may not all, having a common interest, reünite in a common effort to serve our common country? For my own part I have striven, and shall strive, to avoid

placing any obstacle in the way. So long as I have been here, I have not willingly planted a thorn in any man's bosom. While I am duly sensible to the high compliment of a reëlection, and duly grateful, as I trust, for having directed my countrymen to a right conclusion, as I think, for their good, it adds nothing to my satisfaction that any other man may be disappointed by the result."

In reply to the address of the Maryland Union State Central Committee, on the seventeenth day of November last, he simply said:

"I repeat what I have said before, that I indulge in no feeling of triumph over any one who has thought or acted differently from myself. I have no such feeling toward any living man."

In the same noble, magnanimous spirit he penned the concluding lines of his last Inaugural, delivered less than two months ago:

"WITH MALICE TOWARD NONE,—WITH CHARITY FOR ALL,—WITH FIRMNESS IN THE RIGHT—AS GOD GIVES US TO SEE THE RIGHT—LET US STRIVE ON TO FINISH THE WORK WE ARE IN,—TO BIND UP THE NATION'S WOUNDS,—TO CARE FOR HIM WHO SHALL HAVE BORNE THE BATTLE, AND FOR HIS WIDOW AND ORPHANS,—TO DO ALL WHICH MAY ACHIEVE AND CHERISH A JUST AND LASTING PEACE AMONG OURSELVES AND WITH ALL NATIONS."

We little thought, when first those simple words appeared, how soon they would become his EPITAPH!

It was in the same benevolent spirit that he received the overtures of Louisiana as, with a contrite heart, she approached her old home, suing for reädmission to the Family of States. Even South-Carolina might have trusted to his generosity, had she, pointing to her

desolated fields and ruined homes, but acknowledged with sorrow her great offence. And we can imagine with what tender compassion he would have welcomed back to the Union Virginia—that venerable mother of American commonwealths—as, moving in the grand procession of returning States, she neared the family circle, still pressing to her bosom the form of Washington.

Alas for him, cut off in his prime! Alas for us, so suddenly bereaved! Alas for his sorrowing country, he is gone!

He is ours no longer, except in his good deeds and the force of his virtuous example.

We may not penetrate the veil which hides the future from our sight. We may long look in vain for the special designs of Providence in permitting him at this time to be thus torn away. Yet even now we see that our Great Affliction is not without its blessed lesson.

We see a truce to faction. We see a unanimity of sentiment that astonishes and delights all good men.

Millions, lately in some degree opposed, are now united in feeling, and vie with each other, not only in honoring his memory, but in a patriotic determination to lay aside all minor objects and employ the energies of the whole people in unremitting efforts to restore harmonious relations to all parts of the Republic. The spectacle thus presented is full of hope for the nation. It will strike the statesmen of the old world with amazement, and dissipate many doubts concerning the

stability of our institutions, when they learn that the shock utterly failed to weaken our political system. To them the novel and instructive scene will be presented of a great Nation losing its Chief Magistrate by violence, yet continuing undisturbed on its majestic course.

Nor is this the only lesson which the Great Calamity presents.

With filial love the people gently place upon his earthly part their choicest flowers, and tenderly bear it onward to the tomb, through one long triumphal arch, heavy with the mournful emblems of a Nation's grief. Reverently drawing near, they gaze upon his lifeless form and silently renew their vows of allegiance to their country. They look upon his gentle face, and all angry passions are subdued. Vindictiveness and Hatred and Malice melt away when they think of his great heart, in which all men still found some drop of sympathy, and from which sprang the loving sentiment—"*Malice toward none—charity for all.*"

Like him, let us discourage the low contentions and petty intrigues of partisan warfare. Let us study the principles upon which our Republic is based, in a spirit of candor, and discuss them with feelings of kindness. Let us remember the great truths which History teaches us, that fire and sword may subdue rebellions by destroying the elements of their strength, but will not cure political heresies; that in politics as in religion, heretics may be persuaded by reason, but cannot be convinced by persecution; that violence transforms

ignorance into fanaticism, and stubbornness into desperation, and that the Intelligence and Virtue of the people are the pillars on which our Political Fabric must ever rely for support.

Governed by these truths, and guided by the Golden Rule, it was PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S earnest endeavor to discharge the duties of his great office by learning how to perform them, by calling to his aid the experience of the wise and the good, by bringing to his task the noblest qualities of a mind and the cardinal virtues of a heart that expanded with the growing emergencies of the times, and by tempering all his thoughts and actions with Justice, Mercy, Charity, and Good Will.

In adversity he was firm, in prosperity modest, in victory magnanimous. His faith was ardent, his zeal enlightened, his integrity undeviating, his morality pure, his courage heroic. Patriotism led all his affections.

We can present no more beautiful tribute to his memory, we can place no more fragrant garland on his tomb, than the solemn promise to emulate his bright example.